VVhich 1400,yeares ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And booteles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now,then let me heare,
Of you my gentle Coosen VVestmerland,
VVhat yesternight our counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.
West. My liege,this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight,when all athwart there came
A post from Wales,loaden with heauy newes,
Whose worst was,that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdfordshire to fight
Against the irregular,and wilde Glendower,
VVas by the rude hands of that VVelchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those VVelchwomen done,as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.
King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the holy land.
West. This matcht with other like my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North,and thus it did import
On holy roode day,the gallant Hotspur there
Yong Harry Percy,and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant aud approued Scot,
At Holmedon met,where they did spend
A sad and bloudy houre:
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heate
And pride of their contention,did take horse:
Vncertaine of the issue any way.
King Here is deare,a true industrious friend
Sir Walter *Blunt*,new lighted from his horse,

Stainde with the variation of each soile,
Betwixt that Holmedon,and this seat of ours,
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcom newes,
The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots,two and twenty knightes
Balkt in their owne bloud,Did sir VValter see
On Holmedons plaines,of prisoners Hotspur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife,and eldest sonne
To beaten Dowglas,and the Earle of Athol
Of Murrey,Angus,and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoile?
A gallant prize?Ha,cosen is it not?In faith it is:
West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.
King. Yea there thou mak'st me sad,and mak'st me sinne
In enuy,that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:
A sonne who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongst a groue,the very straightest plant,
VVho is sweet fortunes minion and her pride
VVhilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong Harry.O that it could be prou'd,
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchangde
In cradle clothes,our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine Percy,his Plantagenet;
Then would I haue his Harry,and he mine
But let him from my thoughts:what think you Coose
Of this yong Piercies pride?The prisoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath surprisde,
To his owne vse hee keepes and sends me word
I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.
West. This is his vnckles teaching,This is Worcester:
Maleuolent to you in all aspectes:
VVhich makes him prune himselfe,and bristle vp
The crest of youth against your dignity.
King But I haue sent for him to answere this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.